



Rune and  
Rann  
George W.  
Baird.

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OF  
PITTSBURGH  
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Baird.


# Rune and Rann

*One hundred copies of this book have  
been printed at the Aldine Press in  
Pittsburgh and the type distributed. ::*

*This book of verse is dedicated, sine  
venia, to a certain person in a big hat.*

*University of Pittsburgh,  
December 25, 1916.*

*G. M. P. B.*



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# Rune and Rann

George M. P. Baird.



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## THE SINGERS' RONDEL.

Unfettered by the past, dauntless to strive  
Into the secret future's weal or woe,  
Careless of all save that our dreams survive,  
Upon our lonely pilgrimage we go.

The rose we plant, for other eyes shall blow;  
What matter? it's enough to be alive,  
Unfettered by the past, dauntless to strive  
Into the secret future's weal or woe.

Fate cannot hold us or our souls deprive  
Of bold desire and the eternal glow  
Of that high Beauty, to whose shrine we know  
The world must come at last its sins to shrive;  
Unfettered by the past, dauntless to strive  
Into the secret future's weal or woe.

## A RUNE OF WOMAN.

A rune of the Mother Will,  
Old at the beginning of Time,  
Ageless today and born again tomorrow,  
Passion creative, power eternal.

A rune of Woman—

She who desires all,

She who suffers all,

She who conceives all,

She who conquers all.

She hath won us with primal craft

And shaped us with the gravers of desire;

She hath treated with the Power of the Universe

And in that commerce she hath bought the world

For the sons of her and for the daughters of her,

For the forward thrust of the race,

For the love which is beyond love:

There is no escape from her sans suffering,

There is no league with her sans pain.

A rune for Woman—

The cunning beyond guile,

The strong beyond strength,

The passionate beyond pleasure,

The servant beyond mastery.

She is the arch-conserver of the creeds—

Yet keeps her own sure destiny alone—

Sifting essentials from the non-essentials:

Custom, philosophy, art, religion, law,—

These are but tools to her,

These she uses, these she laughs at,

These she casts away when they no longer serve

Her high, importunate purpose.

A rune of Woman,

A rune of the Mother Will,

A rune of the Life Force,

A rune of God incarnate.

## RUNE FOR A WEDDING.

*To W. S. W. and M. M.*

The winter snows are white upon the trail,  
There is no warmth in the leaf-covered mold  
Beneath the naked trees, I cannot find  
A fragrant spray of hill-beloved arbutus  
To send you as a token of this day,  
And so instead of that pure loveliness—  
Whose inarticulate beauty would tell all  
My heart's high wish of happiness for you—  
I offer the mute impotence of song.

I sing the hope in the minds of you,  
The love in the hot young hearts of you,  
The faith in the fair white souls of you,  
The promise that buds in the lives of you:  
Longing, I sing, and leashed desire,  
Awe and reverent ecstasy,  
The waiting time and the time fulfilled,  
The dream come true and the dream undreamed:  
Chill winds beating from lonely places,  
Mists of doubt and spring sun's shining,  
Toil and the struggle of living, gain,  
Pang, and the loss that germs new treasure.

Man of love and woman of love,  
Companioned for the long life-way,  
The Unal Three, Its benison  
Be on you twain that are made one,  
To bless this marriage day  
And give you joy.

I sing the plenteous peace of home,  
The red hearth and the door wide flung,  
Friend-welcome and the smiles you share  
At meat when God alone is guest:  
Coming of souls and souls' departing,  
Pain and the glory born of its bearing,  
Travail and fear, sorrow and tenderness,  
Life to the full and all adventure:  
Laughter of wee mouths, pattering feet,  
Babe at the eager breast, children at play,  
Guidings, anxieties, hopes, ambitions,  
Dreams fresh-visionsed in strong young lives.

Man of love and woman of love,  
Vintage of God in ewers of clay,  
Now, in Life's grail-cup, the Divine  
Vintner mingles his mystic wine,  
Time drink deep of your marriage day  
And give you joy.

I sing the mid-life's mellow haze  
And calm content of afternoons,  
Young arms wreathing about bent shoulders,  
Fruitful toil and world encounter,  
Walks in the grey of autumn nights,  
Winter fires and reverie,  
Joy in new loves and then, perhaps,  
The old, loved patter of new wee feet:  
These I—who shall not know them—sing.  
At length the silver of old age serene,  
Two with clasped hands that wait to see the rise  
Of evening's star in the hushed west, a love  
Without farewell, and the untroubled dark.

Man of love and woman of love,  
Companioned for the long life-way,  
The Unal Three, Its benison  
Be on you twain that are made one,  
To bless this marriage day  
And give you joy.



## RUNE OF IMMIGRATION.

O seekers of sanctuary,  
O refugees and pilgrims,  
With the death cry of old nations in your ears  
And the weight of ancient bondage on your backs,  
You come to be made free,  
To find Elysium in the welcoming west,  
To get you food and cover for the bodies of you  
And for the minds of you, all peace.

O lowly voyageurs,  
O meek conquistadores,  
You have heard legends of uncounted gold,  
Fables of youth's fountain,  
Rumors of liberty and of soul's dignity,  
Plenty, achievement, happiness, justice,  
Stories from your own folk already here,  
Lies of ship's agents and of labor agents,  
Press lies, book lies, lip lies—  
You have believed and come.

O credulous ones,  
O simple, greedy souls,  
Will no one tell you the truth?  
Have you ever gained aught without paying,  
And is America to be bought without price?  
It will cost you much to be part of us:—  
Sweat and blood and indignity,  
The loss of your folk heritage,  
The strength of your sons,  
The bloom of your daughters,  
The breaking of your lives,  
You, who seek freedom, will be exploited.  
Peace will come unto you only in battle:  
The new tyrannies are more subtle,  
The new masters are more covetous,  
The new powers are more terrible  
Than you have yet conceived,  
And you must pay.

O hopeful peoples,  
O courageous souls,  
Your dream is your dream's salvation;  
The dream of liberty will beget liberty;  
The vision of justice will engender justice;  
Hold fast to your dream!  
It shall renew in us the faith of our fathers—  
The faith we have almost forgotten—  
We shall join with you for a new America:—  
A land of freedom,  
A land of justice,  
A land of plenty,  
A land of beauty,  
The essence of all lands made the essence of one,  
Unity fashioned from chaos,  
Peace hammered from strife,  
Liberty wrested from slavery,  
Democracy conquering tyranny,—  
Love, all triumphant.

## RUNE OF A DEAD DREAM.

I dreamed of that which could not be,  
A dream concerning thee and me,—  
The angels had forbidden it,  
Archangels had forbidden it,  
Michael had forbidden it,—  
This dream of fantasy.

I dreamed that on a night in spring,  
My heart had found a wondrous thing,—  
The Soulless Fates had hidden it,  
The Norns of Time had hidden it,  
Dim demon hands had hidden it,—  
Ringed with a magic ring.

Ah—having searched the world around—  
Thy priceless favor 'twas I found,—  
Free, though the hills admonished me,  
The stars and seas admonished me,  
The sun and moon admonished me  
That thou wert prison-bound.

And there was beauty and surprise  
And all allurement in thine eyes;  
The minstrel breeze was singing thee,  
Wood-woning birds were singing thee,  
The choired spheres were singing thee  
And joying in my prize.

Longing and toil and tears were done,  
In thee were Earth and Heaven made one:  
The loam-brown pixies envied me,  
The gnomes and black trolls envied me  
The hornèd devils envied me  
And jeered me, every one.

I mocked them, scorned them, and a beam  
Of venomèd arrow-light, a gleam  
With hatred, fell between us twain,  
Barbèd and bley between us twain  
A pitiless curse between us twain,  
And falling, slew the dream.

## A RUNE FOR YOUTH.

Youth is the maker of song,  
Youth, the modest, the diffident;  
It bows and defers to the past,  
Revering the words, exalting the works of old men,  
Too shy for its own exaltation,  
Too conscious of self.  
It is the creed of the old,  
It is the guile of senescence  
To keep Youth abased,  
Weighted with custom,  
Toiled with the thongs of tradition,  
Stupefied by the accomplished,  
Drugged with the fear of scorn,  
Hushed by experienced laughter:  
There is a legend that young men are rebels,  
Boasters and braggarts, willful, uncounseled,  
Sons of sedition, dreamers of folly:  
The creed and the legend are lies,  
Bludgeons of falsehood,  
Truncheons of tyranny,  
Weapons of weakness,  
Weapons of weariness,  
Weapons of cunning,  
Weapons of impotence,  
Wrought for the slaying of Youth.  
Come, let us make a new rune  
For Youth the creative, the mighty,  
For Youth the constructive,  
For Youth the determined,  
For Youth the devoted.

Youth is a hater of shams,  
Youth is impatient of leasing,  
Youth the idealist.  
Youth the believer in visions  
Molding its dream to reality.  
Only the young are wise:  
What greyhearts call wisdom is weariness,  
Caution is only fatigue,  
Policy, traffickings, compromise—  
These are the spawn of decay,  
These are the heralds of death.  
Let us follow again the Young Leader,  
The Captain eternally youthful,  
The Dreamer immortal,  
Thirty he was, no more,  
When Age slew his white body,  
Age crucified him and Age  
Blackened his memory,  
Claiming his power for itself,  
Gnawing with shrunken gums  
The fruit of his glory.  
He was a venerable god,  
A deity ancient as Time,  
A king of the past, they said.  
Ah, they lied, those gibbering greyhearts,  
Thinking to blind us,  
Thinking to bind us forever!  
They have deceived but themselves:  
He is Youth, Youth the incarnate,  
We have the Young God for leader.

## RUNE FOR SPINSTERS.

A rune for spinsters,  
A rune for the mocked,  
A rune for the undesired,  
A rune for the unsung,  
A rune for beauty which is not of flesh.

A rune of comradeship for greyed, gaunt women,  
From whom the curving grace of rounded youth  
Has fallen, whose pale wistful mouths no more  
Curve to a red temptation, but are drawn  
As the thin wound of a clean sword, whose eyes  
Are weary-wise and threaded 'round with lines;  
Stooped shoulders, sunken, unawakened breasts  
And arms that never wreathed to the embrace  
Of one loved body—save in dreams—or held  
Such miracles as happier women mold  
In joy and pain beneath expectant hearts.

A rune for the self abased,  
A rune for the devoted,  
For the teachers of others' children,  
For the makers of others' comfort,  
For healers and toilers,  
For pioneers and martyrs,  
The mothers without motherhood,  
The lovers unbeloved.

A rune of gratitude and exaltation  
For God's grey gentle-women, they who give  
So much and ask so little in the world,  
The faithful Marthas in the House of Duty,  
On service too intent to hear the voice  
Of Passion at the door; and the uncomely,  
Whose beauty is the radiant soul unseen

By eyes of men; warm hearts, which being broken  
Loose not their fire but with the flaming shards  
Enkindle love in many a darkened soul.

A rune for the comforters,  
A rune for the valiant meek,  
For mothers of the motherless,  
For defenders of the weak,  
For saints and benefactors:  
A rune for spinster women,  
A rune of praise for them.

### RUNE FOR A SMUG PEOPLE.

People of mine, I weary of your boastings,  
Your static satisfaction, your fat squalor,  
Your worship of the temporal things, your sleek,  
Soft sentimentalism and sham culture,  
Your pose superior and strange confusion  
Of groveling sycophancy and bravado,  
Your slavery to the past, your passion of sensation—

Superlatively vivid, functionless, unfruited—  
Your double-faced morality, book virtue,  
Mock piety and smug philanthropy,  
Your crass material arrogance, and joy  
In mothy pomps, and all your callous strivings  
For the power that does nothing,  
For the wealth that buys nothing,  
For the strength that conquers nothing,  
For the love that begets not,  
For the deed that accomplishes not,  
For the dream that guides not,  
For the word that teaches not,  
For the faith that exalts not:—  
Of these, O folk of mine, I am grown weary.

## SONNET SERENADE.

*Intended to be sung beneath the casement of a certain lady—by  
somebody else.*

Beauty hath made a world conspiracy  
To fill my mind with endless thought of you;  
She hath suborned the grey stars and the dew;  
Dawn and the floods that seek the purple sea,  
Field-song and hearth-song and the melody  
Of winds intrigue with her, and every hue  
Of irised cloud and flower the twelvemonth through  
She makes your sworn remembrancers to me:  
Ah, Beauty would show mercy, if she knew  
The bitter fruitage of her waywardness,  
My impotent hope fate-driven to pursue  
The phantom of your smile; could she but guess  
My sorrow, she would slay the thought of you  
That will not die while lives her loveliness.



## SPRING NOCTURNE.

The spirits of the rain that danced and crowded,  
Weaving their jeweled veils to dim the Day,  
Have vanished; and the earth, since morning  
clouded,

Smiles in the sun's last ray:

Now the red flush of evening fades to grey  
And singing silver plashed athwart the west;  
Lo, her mute sister, Night, in tender lazuli  
shrouded,

Comes with the kiss of rest.

Beyond the river little lights are breaking,  
And one blue star hangs low above the hill,  
The cricket viols in the grass are making  
A slender music, and the tree frogs fill  
The wood with stridulous pipings thin and shrill:  
There comes a delicate scent of dew-drenched bloom  
Across the fields, and a young wind is waking  
To wanton in the gloom.

## CONSPIRATORS OF BEAUTY.

Conspirators of Beauty! we have striven,  
Since earth was young, to win the sunny goal  
Of Freedom and man's rule of his own soul,  
And in that time-old warfare we have given  
All we possessed unstintingly: still driven  
By that desire, we climb nor count the toll  
Of life and love we pay, e'en though the whole  
Of happiness from our toiled hearts be riven;  
For we are rebels leagued against Earth's shame,  
We sow and leave the new seed's harvesting  
To husbandmen more worthy of the name,  
We die, but from our dust new rebels spring,  
Our songs grow mute, but brave new voices sing,  
We fall, a swifter runner bears the flame.

We are an ancient fellowship: we make—  
With arrow-word and silver sword of song—  
A glorious, white treason against Wrong  
And leprous ugliness of powers that slake  
Their bestial lust of selfhood in a lake  
Of human blood and tears; against the strong  
Kings of black passion we have plotted long,  
Conspirators of light for Beauty's sake:  
For we would overthrow the unrighteous past,  
Break the false idols, set man's spirit free,  
League with the angels winning back Life's vast,  
Bewildered chaos to pure symmetry,  
Drive out the Night's imperious tyranny,  
And crown us Beauty for our queen at last.

Earth's mightiest hearts are of our company:  
Shakespeare and Spencer, Milton, Chatterton,  
Burns, Wordsworth, Keats and that immortal one,  
Shelley—first lord in Beauty's embassy—  
Poe, Blake, Rossetti, Browning and the free  
Singer of all things, Whitman, the scourged son  
Of sorrow, Francis Thompson:—these have done  
Brave battle and have passed; but valiantly,  
Their sons fight on against the ancient lies  
And slothful cozenage of squalid powers;  
Truth's oriflamme above new conquests flies  
And young hearts garrison the ivory towers,  
That on the hills of Deed and Dream arise,—  
Beauty's new-won frontiers, forever ours.

O Beauty not of flesh yet manifest  
In glorious bodies, Beauty of the flower  
All bloom transcending, Beauty of the hour  
For Time unending, Beauty music-blessed  
But more than melody, our passionate quest  
Seeks a more distant, more adventurous tower  
Beyond the huddled suns, where with the power  
Of thy pure essence we would be possessed:  
Withhold not thy delight from us or veil  
Thy naked loveliness—obscured too long,—  
Lead us and cheer us, lest grown blind we fail  
To sense thy presence in earth's anarch throng  
Of hideous forces, or, grown weak we quail  
At Life, and mock thy love with traitorous song.

## CHRISTUS IN PRIMAVERA.

He waits me where the woods are singing gold,  
Pale green and tender brown, pied with the bloom  
Of crimson maples 'gainst black hemlock's gloom  
And rhododendron, where the mother mold  
Clasps white hepaticas to her full breasts  
And pink arbutus on the windy crests  
Of laureled hills puts forth its fragrant stars,  
Or where the ivory trilia unfold  
And bluets azure over Winter's scars.

He waits me in the twilight and the dawn,  
His love is might with the surge of Spring,  
The southwind is His lute voice whispering,  
"O come to me beloved": He hath put on  
A garment of delight against the hour  
When I shall yield me to His gentle power;  
But prison-bound am I and far away,  
Yea, though my soul with passionate lure is drawn  
Toward Him, I am helpless to obey.

## SONNET FOR THE NEW YEAR.

O, thou dark dwelling, strange new year,  
I stand at thy sphinx-carvèd door  
Trepidant; what hast thou in store  
For me in thy dim rooms? A fear  
Haunts me and the illusive, drear  
Gloom of each silent corridor  
Grips, so I tremble to explore  
Chambers that more malign appear  
Than all wherein I've dwelt before.  
Fades brief beatitude: too long  
I've supped, and now must pay the score:  
About my soul new torments throng—  
My singer's destiny—once more  
I know the golden doom of song.

## BELLS AT MIDNIGHT.

Bells, across the city tolling,  
Tolling, tolling, in the darkness,  
What great passing bruits your clangor,  
What new spoil is won by Death,  
Who goes out the void to wander  
That you wail in threnody?

Bells across the city tolling,  
Tolling, tolling, in the darkness,  
Cease your iron notes of sorrow;  
He who passes is a dreamer  
Fallen from a wavering ladder  
Reared to reach the mocking stars.

Bells, across the city tolling,  
Tolling, tolling, in the darkness,  
Cease to break toils weary slumber,  
Trouble not the burdened living  
For a soul whose works are water  
And his name a word unknown.

## RANN FOR PARTING

*Thus did the Ollave of Conchubar put in words the high king's sorrow after that Deirdre, the Heart of Beauty, had fled Emain with Naisi mac Usna.*

There was no beauty on the moon that night  
You went away; the weary hills bent low  
Beneath a weight of sagging sky, the air  
Was sultry with the menace of black storm,  
The dark was heavy with the deathly sweet  
Of honeysuckle, a blind vagrom wind  
Stumbled among the willows muttering  
Mad answer to the tree-toad's dolorous pipe  
That fringed the hush with shrill monotonies.  
Tense, in the darkened dun, I lay and tossed,  
Clawing the coverlet with nervous fingers,  
Or weakly prone, stared blindly at the door  
With eyes too hot for tears: I felt the pain  
Of memories and unachieved desires  
And knew that you were lost to me; my arms  
Ached for you; from my choking throat, the breath  
Panted in torture to my fevered lips,  
And all my veins burned as with molten bronze.  
I heard the dun-guard call the sentry hours—  
One, two and three—then came a painèd languor,  
A broken peace, but when I entered in  
The house of sleep, all bitterness returned  
A hundred fold in dreams.

## TO A BLIND CONDOR.

You were fledged on high Andean peaks,  
A creature of illimitable distances—  
Seen through the cold, blue brilliance of thin air;  
The unclouded sun flamed hot upon your eyrie,  
But could not warm it,  
Battlements of snow shut out the humid breezes of  
the valleys;

You were the being nearest to the stars,  
With all the earth beneath you:  
Your wings grew wide and strong—  
Sustaining planes to lift in rarer levels—  
Sunward you beat, earthward you soared  
And knew no fear;  
You were a ship, a lonely caravel  
Sailing the infinite oceans of the void:  
None challenged your empery,  
Only the winds were freer than you,  
Until one day you flew too low;  
A crazy Indian caught you in a snare,  
Blinded your arrow-eyes with red-hot iron  
And sold you to a trader from the coast  
For a half-gill of brandy:  
Now all day you sit upon a perch  
In the foul cage of a hot city zoo—  
A great gray hulk of drabbled plumage—  
Your wings clipped close  
The heart gone out of you:



You have one mercy, for you cannot see  
The wondering crowds of Sunday visitors  
That press about your prison:  
Swan, eagle, buzzard, pelican, they name you  
And shout to make you stir,  
You, the imperial condor, who of old  
Held sway above the realms of the blue.  
How many of those curious ones, I wonder,  
Have prisoned souls which once were high and free,  
How many dwellers in that weary city  
Are comrades with you—and know it not.

### BOLERA.

Click, clickety, click,  
Click, click, clickety, click!  
    Swiftly beat  
    The flickering feet,  
    Strepitant toe-taps  
    Clatter of heels  
    Whirling of gold and crimson swirling!  
    Satin sheen  
    Flash of flesh,  
    Glitter of jet!  
    The lithe flame-form of the dancer reels  
    To the tump and jingle of tamborine  
    And the sharp staccato of castanet!  
Click, click, clickety, click  
Click, clickety, click—  
Click!

## ENLISTMENT.

*To the Society of Friends.*

Now, in the anarch days, when earth is dark  
With swirling banners that blot out the sun,  
When the Abyss regurgitant spews fire,  
And Moloch's spor is crimson on God's throne  
I, son of a stern race that strove with kings,  
And knew the martyr passion, when of old  
The Mitred Beast ramped red on Scottish hills,  
Claim kinship with you, coveting a place  
In your unweaponed host to strive for peace;  
To share with you the scorn of martial fools,  
The laughter of curled lips, the bravo's threat;  
To be the jest of tinsel pageantry,  
Dreamers imperial, little patriots,  
Fanatic worshipers of fetish flags;  
To be named weakling, coward, traitor, fool;  
To stand untempted by hell's golden bribe,  
Or Baal's gorged chapmen, traffickers in death,  
That transmute hate to gold.

Too long I've kept  
The coward silence of faith undeclared,  
Basely secure, while loud the rabble howls  
"Barabbas!" and the legions rear anew  
Christ's cross upon a hundred Calvarys,  
Filling the firmament with mists of blood.  
So—as a pilgrim who has felt the scourge  
Of desert suns, and toiled by tortuous trails  
Through angry wildernesses to behold  
The love-lit windows of a friendly hall,  
Girded with fruitful fields and kept secure  
By wooded cordon of the eternal hills,—  
I crave the sanctuary of your peace.

I am but late grown worthy of my prayer;  
I have piled faggots round the stake, and held  
The prophet-stoners' garments; I have thrilled  
When bugles blared and marching bayonets flashed  
Their sinister silver down the cheering street;  
I have twined chaplets of triumphant song  
For butcher brows, and lifted pæned praise  
To valor,—all forgetful that the slime  
Of pain, dishonor, hunger, ruin, lust,  
Nurtures the venomed flowers of victory.  
Youth, savage atavist, saw only fame,  
Glory and honor in the crashing ranks,  
And where war's silken standards caught the sun,  
Glimpsed the strange golden smile of old romance.

One day came bruit of battles, and the moan  
Of Belgium, desolate beneath the heel  
Of berserk Allemaine; I saw Truth's towers—  
Through twenty centuries of travail reared—  
Totter and crumble in the flames of greed  
For trade and territory; half the world  
Was chaos, half was maddened with presage  
Of threatening war; I heard the angry dirge  
For drownèd innocents, the strident shout  
Of flag-drunk jingoes; saw the sky of night  
Glow with prophetic scarlet where the mills,  
Like demon stithies, forged their bolts of death;  
Sensed the dull crowd-fear in the nervous streets,  
Dread of invasion, flare of partisan fires;  
I felt the primal savagery and thirst  
For vengeance on the spoilers of the world  
Leap hot within me, crying "Arm! Prepare!"

There is a spot upon the wooded banks  
Of Allegheny, where the hill-born flood  
Sweeps southward in broad majesty, and there  
In the green twilight of old willows' shade,  
I pitched my tent, and with a silent soul  
Waited until the Inner Voice should speak  
Its answer to the tumult of my heart.

I heard the birds at dawning, and the pulse  
Of whispering waters in the willow roots,  
The shrill pipe of cicadas, hum of bees,  
Wind-laughter in the branches, and at night  
The myriad little peoples of the grass  
Thrumming their viols to the quiet stars.  
The beast-will died within me, Nature's song  
Became articulate: "Peace, peace!" it sang,  
"Peace of the Life-source Immanent;" and clear  
Above the lesser music of the earth,  
I heard the trumpets of Omnipotence  
Sound parley, the stern voice of Sinai cry,  
"Thou shalt not kill!" Then "Love ye one another"  
Rang down the centuries from Olivet,  
Sweetly imperious, brooking no delay.

Swift answering, my prisoned soul broke free  
From Sheol, and restored again I stood  
In God's great meeting-house of all outdoors,  
Girt with the armor of new faith, to front  
The peoples and the princes of the earth,  
And cry them peace till my last breath be gone  
And the Word's sword hilt cleave to stronger hands.

O ye, who walk the steadfast paths of love,  
Living or dying as your faith demands,  
Pilgrims and strangers in a world of hate,  
Open your constant ranks! a million hearts  
Cry out with mine, "We would be volunteers  
To wage with you Christ's bloodless war for Peace!"

## AT THE FOLLIES.

I saw you standing, a shivering line,  
In the chill, dark alley, waiting turn  
At the gallery ticket window.

I scanned your faces as you climbed  
The cobra coils of winding stair  
To your hot eyry under the roof.

Yours were the masks of mad young satyrs,  
Innocent and lascivious,  
Half goat, half god, ignorant, eager.

I wondered where I'd seen you all before—  
Then I remembered: it was long ago  
By torchlight, on a Spring-clad mountain side.

Vine leaves twined in your hair then, purple must  
Stained your bare, rhythmic bodies; you were  
    shouting  
Ecstatic hymns to pard-drawn Dionysus.

## SKETCHES IN THE STREET.

### *Cash Girl.*

A skimped black skirt and shabby high-heeled shoes,  
A shoddy jacket, worn with jaunty air,  
A bit of much washed lace about a bare,  
White, slender throat, a wistful pixie face—  
Too sadly wise for youth—rebellious hair,  
Coiffed in pathetic copy of the mode,  
Beneath a pin-marked hat; the nervous grace  
Of girlhood yet unbroken by the load  
Of drudgery her narrow shoulders bear.

### *German Band.*

Humble servitors of thee  
In the streets, Calliope,  
Hans and Franz and Ludwig there,  
Patient, stolid Teutons fair,  
Symphonists of open air,  
Playing some old melody  
Some quaint lied of Father Rhine;  
Booming brass and reeds awhine,  
Discords, blunderings, time that lags,  
Pain for us, but song divine  
To children dancing on the flags.

### *Puppy Pedler.*

A fluff of white decked with a drabbed bow,  
Pink eyes and nose, framed in the grimy hands  
Of an unkempt old derelict who stands  
Watching with bleary eyes for chance to show  
His wooly merchandise: a painted girl  
Pauses to stroke the puppy's silken ears,  
An old man shakes his palsied cane and leers,  
A sabled shopper passes nose on high,  
Tiptoe, a little child lifts eager eyes  
And longing hands that would, but cannot buy.

*Mill Worker.*

With foundry-flour his face is black,  
A three day's furze is on his jowl,  
About his throat a grimy towel,  
His greasy coat cannot conceal  
The muscles of his titan back  
And arms made steel through war with steel;  
Each evening, when the whistles blow—  
With dinged old dinnerpail on arm  
And hands deep pouched to keep them warm—  
Down the gray street I see him go,  
An old pipe cornered in his mouth,  
And watch him, mothlike, seek the glow  
That rollicks through the swinging doors  
Where Max, the clayfaced barkeep, pours  
Foamed anodyne for toilers' woe.

*Street-Walker.*

Flashy dress and brazen air,  
Weary huntress eyes, thin face,  
Cheeks too pink and breast too bare,  
Lax red mouth, bleached yellow hair;  
Half turned head and langorous face,  
Smile to patent to allure;  
Trailer of the thoroughfare,  
Lonely leopard of disgrace,  
Shunned, since conquest is so sure.

### *Blind Man.*

He shuffles along to a tremulous tune—  
Torn from a wheezing old accordion—  
Led by the leash of his mongrel guardian,  
Whining a prayer for the passers boon:

“Help the blind! help the blind!

A penny, sir, if you'll be so kind.”

All day long he seeks his toll  
With a “Bless you sir” or a “Damn your soul,”  
When you heed him not; and the tap of his cane  
Keeps time to the droning asthmatic refrain  
Of *After the Ball* or *Jordan Roll*:

In the busiest streets he threads the throng  
Trailing his dog, with this beggar's song:

“A penny, sir, if you'll be so kind,

Help the blind! help the blind!”

### *Opera-goers.*

The liveried doorman turns the knob  
And in obsequious homage bends,  
While Croesus from his car descends  
In well-groomed splendor: gallantly  
He takes my lovely lady's hand;  
A flash of broidered silken hose—  
As daintily she lifts her gown—  
A smile; my lord assists her down:  
Under the glittering lobby light—  
An ermined queen, superb and rare—  
She stands, and diamond stars gleam bright  
In the dark evening of her hair:  
After the laggard curtain's rise,  
To grace her royal box she comes,  
And listlessly her programme thumbs  
While artists sing in golden tone  
Romance their own gross flesh denies  
And limn before my lady's eyes  
High passions she has never known.



### *Traffic Czar.*

Throned on his steaming horse, the Czar  
Sits, statuelike, to rule the street  
Where wagon, auto, truck and car  
In jostling lines of traffic meet;  
The din of klaxon, wheel and gong,  
The hive-hum of the human throng  
Disturb him not: and all day long—  
In June heat or December's chill—  
By waving arm and whistle shrill  
He makes his subjects work his will;  
Now north and south, now east and west  
The black tides move at his behest.

### CONCEIT FOR LAUGHTER.

Laughter is a weight swung free  
Upon a golden cable  
In Life's high tower, and when the shocks  
Of earthquake passions come, it rocks,  
Lurches and circles crazily  
But—keeps the tower stable.

## MILL PICTURES.

### I.

I walked where soaking-pits flared white,  
Like dragon gullets in the floor,  
I heard the brattle and the roar  
Of blooming-rolls and felt the night  
Shake with titanic impacts; light  
Flamed in hot *gules* and *verd* and *or*  
Where huge converters swung and tore  
The murk with jeweled tallons; bright,  
Upon the slow black river flung,  
A wavering aurora played;  
A thousand violet arc-lamps, strung  
Across the mill yards, dancing, made  
Weird shadows; and above me, hung  
Rose steam-clouds fringed with buff and jade.

### II.

Against the black bulk of the hills—  
A-crouch, like dark slaves, in the toils  
Of amethystine cords whose coils  
Mark sleeping streets—the fevered mills  
Mottle the murk with gold: flame spills  
From out a thousand stacks; white boils  
The molten furnace-stream that droils,  
Crawling across the sand, and chills  
To ruby; clanging bells, the rumble  
Of burdened cranes, the puff and wheeze  
Of shunting engines, the shrill scream  
From tortured wheels, the hiss of steam  
And siren wailings, merge and jumble  
With metal's harsh cacophonies.

## LEAFLESS.

They seemed alike, those laced, gaunt, naked trees,  
Black, traced against a January moon;  
No hint of life or that umbrageous glory  
Of cool shade, when a Summer afternoon  
Is hazy with dull heat  
Mounting in languid spirals, and the street  
Is barefoot-deep in dust.

But—when the Spring came whispering his story  
In rainbowed April, to the drousy world  
Which smiled in dream and stirred; when mummied  
buds

Burst their gummed cerements and leaves unfurled  
Clouding the groves with mists of tender green,—  
A single tree ungarlanded was seen  
A corpse in carnival.

We knew a common garden and we seemed  
Alike in youth, O comrades mine, but change  
Was fated; love and life's old mystery  
Decked you anew in beauty, left me strange,  
An alien among you, like that tree  
Leafless in Spring: O spread thick boughs for me  
And hide my withered branches with your love.

## MARCH OF THE PIONEERS.

*From "The Pageant and Masque of Freedom."*

We have said farewell to the 'stablished things,  
And the lies of a tyrannous age;  
We have mocked the wrath of the little kings  
And the love of lands that bore us;  
We have tasted the bread of high emprise  
And the wine of wanderings;  
We have claimed the West for our heritage,  
A new world lies before us.

Westward ho! O Pioneers,  
Westward ho! westward ho!  
Heralds of the better years,  
Fugitives of shadow.  
In the sunset's flaming rose  
Freedom's guiding fire glows.  
Westward ho! O pioneers,  
There lies Eldorado.

We have slipped the yoke of our ancient thrall,  
We have done with the moldering creeds;  
We have heard God's word, like a trumpet call,  
In summons over the seas;  
We have dreamed the dream of a promised land  
And rights primordial,  
We are come to fashion, by faith and deeds,  
Man's mightier destines.

We have staked our bodies for spirit prize,  
Heart's peace, and the joys of home.  
On our far flung trail new cities rise,  
And the wastes are yellowed with grain.  
In our venturous wake, on river and lake,  
A hurrying commerce plies,  
And the herds of myriad cattle roam  
In the coyote's lost domain.

Westward ho! O Pioneers,  
Westward ho! westward ho!  
Heralds of the better years,  
Fugitives of shadow.  
In the sunset's flaming rose  
Freedom's guiding fire glows.  
Westward ho! O pioneers,  
There lies Eldorado.

### VINCTUS SUM.

Spirit I fight with you,  
Conquering, fearing, failing,  
Bitterly striving against  
The web of your subtle enchantings,  
Hating your siren songs  
And your lotus-meat alluring,  
Spurning your bribe of bliss  
I fight the fight unavailing.

I would be righting wrong—  
Gladly the pain enduring—  
Not at your lips regaling  
My soul with your wine-sweet kiss;  
Yet am I weak, the bonds  
Of your wreathèd arms prevailing  
Draw me down to the doom  
Which slays the soul and the song.

## LINCOLN.

*From "The Pageant and Masque of Freedom."*

"Old Abe", men called him, just "Old Abe", because

Those homely words seemed, somehow, to express  
Something of that vast strength and tenderness  
Of soul which made him one with all mankind;  
His heart was like a mother's, but his mind  
Was as a naked saber swiftly keen  
To cleave equivocation; he could toil  
With his hands, too; and something of the soil,  
The tang of sap, the pulse of growing things,  
The reek of loam and honest sweat, which clings  
About a farmer, always seemed to be  
A part of him.

Not beautiful to see,  
No marble-limbed Apollo! he was spare,  
Loose jointed, tall, stoop-shouldered, and the hair  
Above his gullied face was black and lank;  
But he had eyes that would have won him rank  
Among archangels; his long jaw was square  
And his mouth set, like Dante's, but Moliere  
Lurked in the whimsical corners of his lips  
What time he smiled.

He had no gift for pose,  
And little thought of clothes,  
A suit of rusty black, a chequered shawl  
Thrown round his bent, broad shoulders, and a tall  
Old stove-pipe hat, soft shirt and shoestring tie  
Well served to satisfy his simple needs.

He was "just folks";  
Full laughed, brimmed with jokes,  
And quaint yarns with a germ of truth inside,  
That kept on living when the chuckles died.  
But these were outward signs, and underneath  
He was a man of sorrows; pain and grief  
Had been his life's companions; he had known  
Hardship and poverty; beside the bed  
Where fair Anne Rutledge, his betrothed, lay dead  
He had drained all love's cup of agony,  
And the full tale of human misery  
He knew in his own flesh, or sensed through sym-  
pathy.

"Old Abe", men called him, just "Old Abe", be-  
cause

Those homely words seemed, somehow, to express  
Something of that vast strength and tenderness  
Of soul which made him one with all mankind.

## THE SONG OF PITTSBURGH.

*From "The Pageant and Masque of Freedom."*

My toil has plashed the sable night  
With wavering tints of fire;  
Rose and green and golden tongued  
My forge and furnace flame;  
Monstrous is my labor and unbounded my desire  
Thund'rous in the clangor of the hammers sounds  
my name.

Rich the treasures of the mine  
Whereof my minions fashion  
Wizardries of crystal  
And titan works of steel;  
I am earth's artificer the hot creative passion  
Fevers in the heart of me; the artist's urge I feel.

I have bridged the gulfs; and fringed  
The sky with climbing towers;  
Fashioned rails to mesh the land  
And ships to vex the seas;  
Down a million murmuring lines speed tidings of  
my powers;  
By my dream the blue is filled with wide-planed  
argosies.



I would win me higher things  
Than gold and chapman's booty!  
I would marshal humankind to war with misery;  
Rear a cross of service and the oriflamme of Beauty!  
Hear the singing spheres above  
My clangorous industry.

Who will stand with me to war  
With penury and sorrow?  
Who will strive with greed and wrong  
To make my people free?  
Who will league with me to build the City of To-  
morrow,  
Mighty in the golden dawn that flames from Galilee?

## THE LADY BEATRICE IN HEAVEN.

The little, white ghost of Beatrice quailed  
And a shadow of Earth crept into her eyes,  
As she leaned from a star-vined miradore  
On the worldward wall of Paradise;  
For, looking down, she beheld a soul,  
She'd mocked in the life of her lovely clay,  
Ashine through its awkward husk, and knew  
At last, the love she had cast away.

He was a dreamer in Florence then,  
A gaunt, dark youth with a bashful way—  
Whose poet's heart was a mad love fire—  
Embarrassed, shy, with nothing to say:  
When gay youth gathered to flirt and chatter  
At midsummer fête or bridal dance,  
He stood apart in his queer, rapt manner  
Following her with a votive glance.

She had been flattered a bit, in truth—  
As one is touched by a dog's devotion—  
And there was sport of the maiden sort,  
To share with her friends, in his dumb emotion;  
But in more than that he was nothing to her—  
Except, perhaps, that he often bored her—  
The men she knew were a jollier crew  
And many a gallant blade adored her.

His fault had been greater than hers, no doubt,  
He had worshiped afar, not daring to woo her;  
Could damosel grant a boon unasked,  
His heart's avowal, at least, was due her:  
True, his songs had prayed though his lips were  
mute,  
But maids are not won in that craven fashion,  
They hold verse less than a warm caress  
And a kiss far more than a tome of passion.

She wanted a lover of flesh and blood  
With all of a strong man's bold attraction,  
She willed to be loved as women are loved  
And not as a dream-born, fond abstraction;  
So, when De Bardi, on courtly knee—  
Pleaded his cause, she smiled accenting;—  
And lived with him three years happily.  
With never so much as an hour's repenting.

But now that the days of her flesh were done  
And desire dead as the cold grave kiss,  
She saw the love of the sorrowful one  
Winging up through the starred abyss—  
Love more divine than the Spherèd Seven  
Purely hold for the Spirit's Bride—  
And she felt a pang in that painless Heaven  
Knowing to her it was love denied.

The little ghost hands of Beatrice clutched,  
Trembled and tensed at the miradore screen,  
And the tears welled up in that tearless place  
For grief of the rapture that might have been.  
Ah, his was a love that the seraphim  
Might covet and seek through aeons long,  
She had spurned with the toe of her maiden's whim  
The highest passion in human song.

We sow in blindness and reap in tears,  
We choose in pride and we mourn our choice,  
And little there lies in our troubled years  
Where at, with their ending, we rejoice:  
Is it fate or folly, and who's to blame  
Is it sin or slavery or want of wit  
Who knows, what matters? the end's the same.  
But, Oh, the torture and gall of it.

## IN AUTUMN.

The sun of noon has a sharp, south slant,  
A fresh wind sets all the leaves aquiver  
On the redding second-growth of the slopes,  
Thrumming Pan's viol of wild grape ropes  
And the plumed aeolian psalteries  
Of the willows down by the river.

Autumn has come to paint our hills  
Scarlet and saffron, fawn and brown  
Against the blue of a hazy sky,  
With violet pools where the shadows lie,  
And deeps of onyx or sullen jade  
Where the dark ravines gloom down

He has made the meadows a Joseph's coat  
Broidered in artichoke gold, encrust  
With lazuli aconite, jacinth briar,  
Milkweed corals, the topaz fire  
Of snap dragon cups and a Tyrian glory  
Of royal ironweed purple as must.

You can hear his music by swamp or crest  
In the high cicada's vibrant song,  
In the rustle of sedge and pattering leaves,  
The twitter of sparrows under the eaves,  
The cricket's day-long tedious shrill  
And the hoot-owl's wail as the nights grow long.

## BIRTH SONG.

*In honor of a little lad who came to make complete the love  
which was between two friends of mine.*

Young Love upon a sunny hill sits singing  
His song of silver, but at length a grey,  
Ghost-cloud's dark hand blots out the noon  
And the song dies in tears.

Young Love is mute: like wind-tossed wraiths,  
    strange fears  
Beleaguer him, pale with a nameless pain  
He waits: the moments are as years!  
Life's lamp dims in the mist.

A faint cry in the dark! the hills are kissed  
By the resurgent sun; the ravelled clouds  
Dissolve: a new soul comes to join the old sweet  
    tryst:  
Song is no longer still.

Young Love sits singing on a sunny hill;  
Changed is the silver music; on his brow  
Shines the ringed jewel of the Cosmic Will  
Complete: his song is golden now.

## THRENODY.

*To L. M.*

She stood at Death's drear door and, knocking,  
cried,  
"Open, O Gates", until that somber one—  
The wingèd porter—to the wicket came,  
Parleyed awhile, and beckoned her inside.

Her dying was a pilgrimage of pain,  
Like that of one who mounts on bleeding knees  
The cruel treads of some grim temple stair  
And finds but mocking idols in its fane.

Her white soul was a halfblown rose, her heart  
A censer of devotions; young was she  
With grace and joy of morning; hers the free  
All-giving self that asks for self no part.

Oh, riddle of existence yet unguessed!  
The swift feet stayed e're half the race is run,  
The builder stopped—his temple scarce begun,  
The vintner called and half the grapes unpressed.

The grey earth, cumbered with a crawling brood—  
Spawnd of defeat and vanquished by despair,—  
Hugged its loathed horde and cast away this rare,  
All promised flower of blossoming maidenhood.

Yet Death she held no foe; his slumberous peace  
Was kindlier than Life to her; he gave  
Gladness for suffering, and the quiet grave  
He made a blessed mansion of surcease.

When I shall come, to that dark porte addressed,  
And speak admission of its sable guard,  
May he with swift hand lift its iron ward  
And quickly pay my pilgrimage in rest.

## ENGLAND'S BRAVEST DEAD.

*"James Keir Hardie is dead today of a broken heart because of the war, which he had opposed from the beginning."—London Dispatch, Sept. 27, 1915.*

Proud, blind nation with bended head—  
By flag-palled biers of valorous clay  
Mourning thy sons in battle slain—  
Hast thou no tear for the bravest dead  
In all thy realm today?

Hardie is dead and you mourn him not,  
The berserk brood wins all of thy sorrow;  
But their red today shall be soon forgot  
And fame shall be his in the free tomorrow.

His faith was strange to thy chapman's heart,  
His loves, to thee, were as foreign things,  
For he prayed no prayer to thy gods of gold  
And his humble knighthood stood apart  
From thy little conquerings.

Hardie is dead of a broken heart,  
Scorned, deserted and traitor trod,  
But his soul is one with the gravid east  
Where travails Truth in the dawn of God.

Born to the bondage of goad and yoke,  
Heir to the strife of the helot clan,  
Out of the mine's symbolic darks  
He climbed, the prophet of lowly folk,  
To strive for the rights of man.

Hardie is dead: the spoils you gain,  
The gear you win and the bays you borrow  
Shall pass and leave you the curse of Cain;  
But Love shall be his in the free tomorrow.

## MOAN OF THE MOTHERS.

*Dirge from "A Masque of Peace" Episode II.*

Woe! woe!

Our sons are dead in the trampled corn,  
Cold the lips once warm at our breasts,  
Red Death cradles our loved first born.

Woe! woe!

Woe! woe!

Where the ruined home cotes smolder low,  
Our little starvelings cry for bread  
The scourge devoured long ago.

Woe! woe!

Woe! woe!

Our daughters will never smile again,  
They are spoiled with the doom of the death that  
lives

Theirs to suffer the sins of men.

Woe! woe!



## PERSIAN SERENADE.

*To be sung in Naishapur, or Samarcand, Meron or Herat and, possibly, in Mauch Chunk or Pottstown, Pa.*

The garden slumbers; the white moon aglow,  
Through arabesques of oleander, peers—  
A radiant sultana—for she hears  
The nightingale, her lover, sing below  
The casements of her dim seraglio.

The garden, fragrant of the rose, in dream  
Upon the prayer-rug of the plain lies prone,  
Thralled worshiper beneath the sapphire dome  
Of Night's dark mosque where swaying star-lamps  
gleam  
And calls to prayer the muezzin owl unseen.

You are more radiant than the moon, my fair,  
Your voice is sweeter than the nightingale's,  
Beside your lips the rose's crimson pales,  
Your eyes are like twin star lamps and your hair  
Is darker than the locks the midnights wear.

O rose of women, pearl of all desire—  
Fit for Lord Mahmud's turban in the skies—  
Breast of the dawn, Peri of Paradise  
Awake! and send the Dark, thy Ethiope slave,  
With messages of love my worthless soul to save.

## ALIGHERIUS NOSTER EST.

That mighty Florentine, who was, of old,  
By Love and Country scorned and banishèd  
Belongs to Time and us: he is not dead,  
But lives for those who, still undaunted hold  
Their soul's high truth above the lure of gold  
And pride of power; strong hearts that dare to tread  
The lonely way of Conscience, lives that dread  
Only dishonor, spirits comraded  
By death and sorrow: while in Love's fair stead  
Injustice triumphs, Dante cannot rest  
In Paradise. O brothers upward led,  
By inner light, upon the perfect quest,  
He leagues with us till wrong be vanquishèd;  
God's soldiers, Aligherius noster est!

## WAYFARERS.

I met with a merchant by the way,  
“Good morrow, good sir”: “Good morrow”, said he,  
“What is your trade, lad, what is your pay,  
An’ hold you land in fee?”

“My trade, good sir, it is minstrelsy,  
A crust, a song and a dream, my gear”:  
He clinked his gold and he wagged his head  
And curled his thin grey lips at me.

“You’re a fool, my lad,” and his face went grim,  
“An’ you seek not riches o’ worldly gain,  
You’ll get small pleasure an’ win much pain”:  
But I laughed in the face of him.

For I was bound for the City o’ Dawn  
And he for the Realm of Allforgot,  
Where holdings and hordings would joy him not  
When the years of his pride were gone.

I bade adieu to him by the way,  
Quoth he, “Good morrow,” “Good morrow,”  
quoth I:  
He clinked his gold and he wagged his head,  
But I smiled in pity as he passed by.

## A HYMN TO AMERICA.

*From "The Pageant and Masque of Freedom."*

O Land of Beauty, Mother Land,  
We who were cradled at thy breast,  
Or born of alien breeds oppressed  
In realms beyond the sea,  
One folk beneath thy guardian hand  
Pledge loyal love to thee.

Not with the suppliant's whine we crawl  
To beg us handsel from thy store;  
Our willing labors win thee more  
Of trust and treasure; we but crave  
Full opportunity, and all  
That marks the free man from the slave.

No foreign foes thy peace assail.  
Thine only perils are within,  
Imperial dreams and golden sin  
To tempt thee from thy purpose pure;  
By Right alone canst thou prevail,  
By Justice make thy soul secure.

O Land of Promise, Mother Land,  
Strengthen thy soul for spirit wars,  
And lift thy glorious flag of stars  
To be our sign of light and law.  
With God in peace we league and stand  
To keep thy faith, America.

## BALLADE OF BIRTHDAY ROSES.

*From "Songs Processional," written in honor of Dr. John A. Brashear and performed at the municipal celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday, Nov. 24th, 1915.*

A rose for every year, a rose  
Symbol of soul emprise complete,  
A scented flame, like that which grows  
Beside God's golden judgment seat;  
A fragrant gem thy day to greet,  
The queenly flower to thee most dear,  
We lay in tribute at thy feet  
A rose for every year.

Child of the humble loam, it blows  
To radiance, for seraphs meet,  
Its petals are red hearts, it glows  
Like a great jacinth, and its sweet  
Strength of frail beauty is replete  
With memories of thy life's compeer,  
In whose loved name our love bestows  
A rose for every year.

A rose for every year; ah, those  
Brave years that strove against defeat,  
Stern conquests of material foes,  
Adventurings that scorned retreat:  
O high soul, sensitive alike to beat  
Of human heart and singing sphere,  
Thus gratitude thy city shows,—  
A rose for every year.

### *Envoy.*

May Love, Time's covetous talons cheat,  
May many a day, like this, dawn clear,  
And may we long this song repeat:—  
A rose for every year.

## PASSERS IN THE DARK.

Outside my study glooms a street,  
That stretches eastward to the park,  
And in the hushed May evening's dark  
I hear the tread of lover's feet  
And women's voices softly sweet—  
With rippling laughter now and then,  
That dies in passing, and the fleet,  
Answering monotones of men.

And who they are I do not know,  
Their faces I have never seen,  
The crystal pane, the metal screen  
And the hot lamplight's envious glow  
Are barriers to my eyes, but Oh  
They see me at my books and guess  
That I would be with them below,  
And laugh to mark my loneliness.

It seems that in this life God willed  
That some should serve and stand apart:  
The dreamers and the sons of art,—  
Who feel and suffer and are filled  
With troubled longings—are unskilled  
At happiness, which to the throng  
Is very nature: peace is killed  
By Beauty and the doom of song.

O lovers, passing in the street—  
Thoughtless of all but your delight—  
Hush not your voices in the night,  
Stay not the tread of amorous feet;  
Your joy shall be no less complete  
For sharing it this much with me  
And I shall pay you verses meet  
For such forbidden ecstasy.

## MORNING MOOD.

I saw the soul of Morning pass,  
On crystal feet, across the grass  
And, like a web of gossamer glass,  
Her glory of cloud tresses spread—  
Flushed with the dawn—about her head  
And floated backward in a mist  
Of opal edged with amethyst.

Across the hills she danced; and Night  
Fled swift before her: in delight  
The little birds sang and fleets of white  
Butterflies sailed to the clover field;  
High in the blue a meadowlark wheeled  
Filling the air with his rapt refrain,  
Which Echo pilfered and sang again.

The slopes grew warm with wild rocket's glow,  
The meadows whitened with daisy snow,  
And the brook, that tumbled and sang below  
Its fern-fringed rock-banks, dimpled and flashed,  
While the minnows darted their game of tag  
In the tangled mazes of lush blue flag.

## TO PROFESSOR FRANCIS CLIFFORD PHILLIPS

*On the Completion of Forty Years of Service in the University  
of Pittsburgh.*

Great men—being close to the Earth-mother—work,  
As Nature works, in silence, caring not  
For pomp and laud imperial, or the blare  
Of arrogant trumpets; but content to serve  
Mankind as God shall give them strength; to live  
Bravely and simply, searching for that truth  
Whose touch is freedom; or without regret  
To die, if dying win the world new light.  
What man can wreathe a laureate song for those  
Whose unsung deeds are paeans, whose high hearts  
Out-soar winged Pegasus, and how shall I,  
A piper in the Idan valleys, sing  
That strong, wise, humble, kindly gentleman,  
Friend, teacher, father, Francis Clifford Phillips,  
Whose life and fruitful influence are writ deep  
Upon the whiter tablets of our hearts,  
And who shall live in fame—when we have passed—  
With Time's great souls who questioning Cosmos,—  
heard  
God's answer and translated it to men.  
Two score devoted years he gave to thee,  
O Alma Mater, prodigal gifts, and much  
Of thy loved self that holds thy sons' devotion  
Was of his making: forty years, and yet  
He is not old or broken; worshippers  
Of power, self-seekers, misers, boasters, fools  
Are swiftly old, but spirits such as his  
Grow richer, knightlier, younger with the years.  
Sometimes the Eternal Alchemist delights  
To fuse the baser metals of mankind  
In this old green alembic of our earth,  
And from the sordid flux transmute a man  
Of pure gold; our friend is one of these.



This be the song we sing to mark the close  
Of one triumphant opus, and to hail  
The advent of another, which—please God—  
Shall be as nobly long: All hail to him,  
Who serves for joy of service; loves the truth;  
Wrongs no man, but gives gladly of his store  
To all who ask; and pays his kingly share  
Of knowledge to the race for heritage.

### NOCTURNE IN GREY.

Cloud spindrift, luminous of a secret moon  
Moving in high disdain,  
And dim below—  
Her dark breasts flattened on a ledge of stone—  
The curved grey body of the Dune lies prone.  
With outstretched arms a-strain  
To catch the loops of glimmering pearls that glow,  
Threaded upon a tarnished silver chain  
That Ocean flings in sport  
And surging after  
Snatches from her again,  
With triton laughter.

## CHANT FOR DEFENCE.

*Published in "The Public", Chicago, Vol. XVIII No. 914, Oct. 8, 1915.*

O Motherland, dear as that golden one  
Who gave me life, whose wasted chrysalis  
Of beauty is close coffered in thy breast,  
With love I sing thee in these parlous hours  
When bannered Chaos clamors at thy gates  
And Babel, from within, leagued with him, strives  
To thrust thee down into the murrey seas  
Where the infatuate hordes of Europe writhe  
In demon agonies to glut the lust  
Of Midas and Baal's spawn of idiot kings.

A song for thy defence! O for the power  
To wake thy sluggard sons; to fill the air  
With clarion thunders and the brazen shout  
Of clangorous bells! "Rouse, sleepers, rouse!  
Our mother is in peril; up, prepare  
Against the sudden slaughter of her soul!"

Not the vain tools of murder, cannoned ramps,  
Navies imperial, or the locust hordes  
Of bullnecked bravoos, shall thine altars keep;  
These are thy spirit's foes, and those who plead,  
In greed or blindness for the power of arms,  
Are no less traitorous to thy destiny  
Than to his Lord was he who gained the dole  
Of thirty silver pieces: thy defence  
Shall be against defence, thy preparation  
Against the false preparedness and fools' might  
Of purblind totem-worshipers and knaves,  
Who make a fetish bunting high excuse  
To deluge earth with blood, and fling the gage  
Of crimsoned cowardice in God's white face.

Thy house is vermined with a bastard breed—  
No sons of thine—rich traffickers in arms,  
Corrupt intelligencers, little hearts,  
Who love the fanfare and the tinsel'd pomp;  
With venal charlatans who trust to climb  
To power by magic of hypnotic drums,  
Or, in war's cloudy anarchy, to seize  
The last poor share that Toil still calls her own.  
These are thy foes, and when they seek to win  
Thine ear with sophic cozenage, let Truth  
Arm thee with spirit weapons and write large  
Upon thy shield, "Honor is born of Peace,  
Dishonor hath her symbol in the sword."

The hour pleads, eternal ages judge:  
Then keep thy tempted soul secure and white,  
That it may stand triumphant and unshamed  
Before Time's great tribunal; thrust aside  
Hate's scarlet importunities: thy strife  
Shall gain thee fairer fruits than laud and spoil.  
Thou shalt be champion of the weak, to win  
Man's right to pleasure in the bounteous earth  
By the fee simple of unshackled toil;  
To make as one the helot and the king;  
To break the yoke and cut the bonds of want,  
Til thy loved realm and all the world become  
A glory of free spirits, and men's souls,  
Enfranchised, clamber from the slime of things  
Jubilant to the dawn-bright mountain tops.

## LOAVES FOR HYACINTHS.

I dwell alone in a city, far  
Beyond the work-a-day world, and keep  
A little booth in its old bazar—  
A quaint bazar where the porters creep  
Under gay awnings at noon to sleep,  
Where apes are a-climb on the temple plinths  
And the tails of jewel-plumed peacocks sweep  
The street where the sellers of sesame are—  
And barter my loaves for hyacinths.

I watch the rajahs ride to the war,  
And the crowded flocks of blundering sheep;  
From the curtained dusk of her elephant car,  
The flower eyes of a princess peep  
At a crosslegged silkman's shimmering heap  
Or the stall where the jeweler's horde is spread;  
Bare, brown children frolic and leap  
To the tinnient twang of a gut guitar,—  
While I buy me hyacinth blooms for bread.

Strange patrons come with the evening star,  
Strange sellers when dawn in the east reds deep,  
From Sidon, Sardis and Salamar  
And lands where the sands of the desert sleep  
'Round a lost sphinx' breast, from the snowy steep  
Of Mid-Tibet, or the porcelain towers  
Of old Cathay and the green isles neap  
I' Indian seas: to trade for the cheap,  
Bread of my hands, rare hyacinth flowers.

## A BALLAD OF WISE MEN.

*Here beginneth the ballad of the three wise men.*

When that our gentle Lord was born  
And cradled in the hay,  
There rode three wise men from the east—  
Three rich wise men were they—  
All in the starry night they came  
Their homage gifts to pay.

They got them down from camel-back,  
The cattle-shed before,  
And in the darkness vainly sought  
A great latch on the door,  
“Ho! this is strange,” quoth Balthasar,  
“Aye, strange,” quoth Melchior.

Quoth Gaspar, “I can find no hasp;  
Well hidden is the lock”;  
“The door,” quoth Melchior, “is stout  
And fast, our skill to mock”;  
Quoth Balthasar, “The little King  
Might wake, we dare not knock.”

The three wise men they sat them down  
To wait for morning dawn,  
The cunning wards of that old door  
They thought and marveled on:  
Quoth they, “No gate in all the East  
Hath bar-bolts tighter drawn.”

Anon there came a little lad  
With lambskins for the King,  
He had no key, he raised no latch,  
He touched no hidden spring,  
But gently pushed the silent door  
And open it gan swing.

“A miracle! a miracle!”  
Cried out the wise men three,  
“A little child hath solved the locks  
That could not opened be”  
In wonder spake the shepherd lad,  
“It hath no locks”, quoth he.

*Here endeth the ballad of the three wise men.*

## SHOW ME THE WAY.

Maker of Roads, the path I tread  
Ends here in watery morass  
And reedy pools I cannot pass,  
The wilderness looms dark ahead,  
Already climbs the sun to noon,  
Yet I am far from that I seek—  
The city on the mountain peak—  
Which I must reach e'er shines the moon.  
Show me the way, O Maker of Roads!

Maker of Roads, where lies the trail?  
I cannot thread the hummocked maze,  
No tree trunk bears the guiding blaze,  
My woodcraft is of no avail:  
Behind, the prison country lies  
And bondage; I cannot return  
Its bread of living death to earn,  
Or win its sordid paradise,  
Show me the way, O Maker of Roads!

Maker of Roads, it was Thy will  
To make me amorous of the stars  
Till, bursting through my shackle-bars,  
I followed Thee on plain and hill,  
Leaving my once-loved for the cold,  
Blue radiance unattained; and now  
The golden high road ends in slough  
And the world-weary day grows old  
Show me the way, O Maker of Roads!









*J. A. Koffler, Master Printer and F. Lee Hamilton  
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